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Poor Robbin's Parley with D^R. WILDE,

OR,

Reflections on The HUMBLE THANKS for His Majesties Declaration

FOR

Liberty of CONSCIENCE.

NOW that the Dust (Sir!) pretty well is laid
which by your *Capering* you lately made.
When several *Poetasters* of the times,
Run out ha-loo to *Bull-bait* your bold rimes,
Chatt'ring at you as Troops of smaller Fowl,
Are wont against (*Minerva's* bird) the Owl;
And your late *Tipfi'd* muse ('tis hop'd again,
Has after *this* large cast settled her Brain.
Vouchsafe t'admit your Brother to your sight,
Who yet comes more to *parley* than to fight.

When first the *Hawkers* Baul'd i'th streets *Wild's* name,
A *lickorish* longing to my palate came;
A *Feast* of wit I look'd for, but, alas!
The meat smelt strong, and too much *sawce* there was,
The *Northern March*, who would not grieve to see't,
Forc'd to claim *kindred* with a *Ballad-sheet*?
Methoughts it could not be, *Wild's* noble vain,
Should *dwindle* thus into a *Dogg'rel* strain,
Whose Muse of yore did on a *Loyal String*,
Triumphant *Georgicks*, and brave *Carols* sing,
His Language *flowing*, and his fancies *fine*,
Rich as his *face*, and sparkling as his *wine*
That he should now in *hobbling Metre* creep,
That (like his *Sermons*) only invites to *sleep*.
But I'll not rob you of the glory due
Unto this *Doughty Feat*, on second view
I find there's cause to guess (Sir!) 't may be you.
Who but a *Doctor* skill'd in all the Arts,
To mince a Text in *four and Twenty* parts,
So *apily* could Commence his *bumble Thanks*,
With *Threescore Lines* about *Star-Readers* pranks,
With *Tales* of *pimping Cuckolds*, *picking Fobs*,
Going to *Stool*, and such grave witty *Bobs*,
Upon your *Priesthood* tell us Sir; of late
Have you not *Exercised* nigh *Billingsgate*?
We hereby find without a figure cast,
That still your *Wild Phanatick Freaks* do last,
The *Dragons Tail* to the *Horoscope* doth cling,
And in your mouth lies its *Invenom'd* sting,
Which makes you *Hiss* at Reverend *Prelates* thus,
And seek once more to start, the old *lusty Puss*.
'Cause you have got your *rambling Libertye*,
So great, So *universal* and so free
Must *sacred Functions* taste your *Railleree*.
Must you go *dream*, and with the *Rotchet* may,
To the *Lay-Elders* *Motley Coat* give way?
The lofty *Miter* to the *Blew-bonnet* vail,
And grave *Cassock* to curtail'd *Jump* strike sail;

Shall *Wild-boars* that not long since trampled down
Our thriving *Vines*, and crusht them on the ground?
Now *dress* our *Vineyards*, or they feed our *Flock*
Who brought our *Royal Shepherd* to the Block?
No, let such *Vultures* Lurk in *Busbes* Cold,
Whilst still our *Loyal Swans* their *Steeple* hold;
But tell me *Wild*! Is't not a *Bull*, or worse,
We shall ha'th *milk*, yet you would fain be *Nurse*?
'Tis plain you mean to *starve* the little brood,
Or (what some fear) would bring them up with blood;
You'd have all *Joyn*, even the *Quakers* too,
(*Insects* that first *crawl'd* out upon's from you)
And yet each *Line* betrays your curs'd intent,
Is only old *Divisions* to foment,
To scoff at *Clergy-Men* of all degrees,
And *saucily* to stile them *Judas*es
Is sure t' *Abuse* this *Act* of *Grace*, the *King*
Indulg'd your *Preaching* not your *Libelling*;
To try your *Temper* was his *Royal will*,
And you'r but on your *good Behaviour's* still;
Since your long *Silenc'd Tongues* again set free,
And *gawty Toes* to have their *libertye*,
Methinks henceforth they should in *Pu'pits* prance,
And not thus *wantonly* in *Sonnets* Dance;
Fie! Fie! A *Minister* and *Lampoon*! give'ore
Here's other fish to fry, play the fool no more
In *Rhime*, but now begin on the *other Score*.
Hark how the *Thickscull'd Rams* of your Fold bleat,
Away then with your *Pipe*, and give them *meat*;
The kinder *Sisters* too, come thronging round,
From *Theewing-Lane*, *White-Chappel*, *Horsly-down*;
Whose free *Benevo'ence* more *Treasure* brings
Then all our *Tythes* and *Easter-offerings*;
Besides their *Loving zeal's* so great some say,
They know how to oblige another way;
Up, *precious Man*! then with a *melting Tone*,
A pious *Goggle*, and *Counterfeit* grone,
With tedious *prayers*, holy sayings *abus'd*,
Good words forty times to no purpose us'd;
Strange *Raptures*, and *Face wrinckled* as if there
The *Gospel* were *Transcrib'd* in *Character*;
Hold forth, till not one *Handkerchief's* left dry,
But all do weep, though not one *Soul* knows why;
By such your *we'l known Arts*, thou'lt get o'th sudden,
Good *Wine*, good *Candles*, good refreshing *Pudden*;
And for *Tyth-piggs* the *Curate* may't *Defie*,
Since all the *Sows* belong unto thy *Stye*.

POOR ROBIN.